Music: the scene at Santee and Carowinds

SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY

OSCEOLA

July 4, 1975

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CITYSIDE

Where have all the soldiers gone?

by GARY LIGI

I. On the corner of Sumter and Gervais

"I don't know, man. I'm only in AIT.* I usually go home when I get a pass, but I couldn't get a ride this weekend so I came in to Columbia," he said, bringing the brown paper bag in his right arm up until it fully obscured his name tag.

"And this is your first visit?"

"Yeah. That's right."

"When did you get in?"

"I don't know. Sometime Friday. About five I guess. I got to be back by six," he said, looking at his wrist as if there were supposed to be a watch there.

"Well, since Friday is two days, right? You have to have some first impressions. You know, what did you do? How do you like Columbia? That sort of thing. We're not taking names. It's just a general kind of article."

"I don't know, man. It's okay, I guess. I usually go home, like I said. Why don't you try those guys?" He was motioning at two new arrivals, just waiting for the bus.

†††††

There was a time when you couldn't walk up Main Street from the Capitol toward Downunder Columbia (now known as Uptown Downstairs) without being stopped by at least **one** G.I. who had to say: "Hey man, what's happening? You know where I can get some acid?" Since the first time I came here as an inductee in 1967, Columbia has been the town I saw through the windows of a military bus which shuttled us new arrivals from incoming trains to the processing center. That was an Independence Day, eight years ago now, but I can still see the groups of soldiers gathering in front of the display stills of the movie houses, staring through the shop windows, or just moving on -- all dressed in uniform, all bunched in small bands passing each other, going and coming to and from where I never learned. I had only stayed long enough that time for a haircut, inoculations, fittings, and orders for Augusta. I probably didn't think so then, but there was something herd-like about the movement of those soldiers, something about the movement in service towns in general that spoke, even then, of this weekend in 1975 when I would feel like I was searching for wild buffalo. Where were all those soldiers?

At first, we thought we had hit a bad weekend. There was a centennial celebration going on at the base. Maybe it was midway between pay-days. But Friday: nothing. Saturday: nothing. And Sunday: a thunderstorm blew in at noon forcing us off the streets and into the Capitol Restaurant. When the rain let up, we took a chance at the Know-So Serviceman's Center. No soldiers there either. So we hit the streets again, deciding to try the USO. When we spotted the guy on the corner of Sumter and Gervais, we agreed immediately: "We can't afford to pass him up." We decided on the man in the street approach.

†††††

It didn't work. It was obvious it wasn't going to work. We looked at the two newcomers, probably fifth week basic.

"Yeah. Well, thanks for your time," I said. "Let's try the USO."

While crossing Gervais, I said: "Jesus, you'd think he'd have something to say."

My friend said: "He doesn't trust us."

II. A Few Statistics

On Veteran's Day of 1967, Fort Jackson celebrated its 50th anniversary with a parade through downtown Columbia. Reports vary, but somewhere between ten and twenty thousand soldiers took part, many of them still in basic training. They marched through the streets while an estimated 25,000 Columbians looked on and voiced their approval. Special applause was reserved for the members of the Third Training Brigade. Many of those men would soon be leaving for Vietnam. Though opposition to the war was beginning to snowball in many parts of the nation, the attitude of Southerners would be the last to change. Columbia could cheer our military presence in Indochina in general because of its presence in South Carolina in particular. Fort Jackson was operating on a budget in the neighborhood of 100 million dollars, and much of that money was being pumped into the local economy either directly or indirectly.

Those were the days of the soldiers in herds. Those were the days before My Lai, before the American public grew bored and irritated with the war. The image we had been left with after World War II had not yet been tarnished by the release of the details of the bombing of Dresden. America **had** an image, and it was living up to it as best it could on the limited information at hand. Mustering 20,000 troops for a parade through Columbia on November 11, 1967 (orginally **Armistice** Day -- a celebration of peace) was like gathering together the last of the buffalo, a symbol for **something**, assuredly. Here they were. What was it they meant?

And we were proud. As early as December 1965, Fort Jackson processed 10,000 trainees -- fully one quarter of the nationwide quota. By 1968, the 500,000th trainee had completed the Trainfire (Rifle range marksmanship) Program inaugurated only ten years before. A half a million men, American men, trained and dedicated to protect democracy throughout the world -- surely that was something to be proud about.

But somewhere in there, things began to change. Although the Blumsack protest in

[Continued on page three]

The scene at Jackson

"...I was thinking of starting a conversation, when a ring-filled hand pulled itself onto the soldier's shoulder. The other hand stroked the nape of the goods..."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Advanced Infantry Training (AIT) was phased out at Fort Jackson in 1973. For the purposes of this article AIT assumes its second meaning -- AdvancedIndividual Training.

osceola

"Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one."
— press critic A.J. Liebling

Volume 3, Number 49

Published weekly by Parallax Media Projects, Inc., except during Christmas week. Offices at 1918 Blossom St., Columbia, S.C. 29205. Mailing address: P.O. Box 5033, Columbia, S.C. 29250. Copyright Parallax Media Projects, Inc.

Phone: (803) 799-4679 (business and editorial)

Application to mail at second-class postage rates is pending at Columbia, S.C.

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Subscriptions are $5 for six months, $8 for one year, and $14 for two years. Send name, address, and zip code with check to:
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TRB
FROM WASHINGTON

Executive parsimony

Just to remind you, President Nixon left for Moscow a year ago (June 25) and Vice President Ford told interviewers that he was sure the boss wouldn't be impeached and that the election of a "veto-proof" Congress would end the two-party system. Like a hooked tarpon Nixon made one final spectacular spring just before destruction, all the way to Russia, and told the nation about it on television July 3. On August 9, Jerry Ford was President.

We think President Ford is a nice man, and probably the most conservative President since Herbert Hoover. Hoover, you remember, was Secretary of Commerce 50 years ago. We got to thinking about him after reading the Ford speech last week to small businessmen. It had a ring, a conviction, an emotion in attacking government control that hasn't been heard around here in years.

Ford is more conservative than Nixon, who really didn't believe in much of anything so long as he got elected and could smear opponents -- he was as adaptable as the bubble in the carpenter's level. In his Pat Moynihan-Disraeli phase Nixon proposed a guaranteed income system (carefully saying it wasn't that) in his Family Assistance Program. It's hard to believe that Mr. Ford would offer anything like that. In fact we can't remember a piece of positive social legislation he ever proposed.

Mr. Ford is going to free business from "the shackles of federal red tape" and says that "vital decisions are made by the politicians while the private sector dries up and shrivels away," and that in this Bicentennial year we are "reversing the great principles on which the United States were founded."

Eisenhower was conservative, too, of course; but he watched the clock, he didn't try to set it back. This revived cult is a throwback to the '20s, Ogden Mills saying that federal centralization is "striking at the very cornerstone of our institutions," Herbert Hoover exulting in "the fundamental correctness of our economic system" (just before the crash), and Bruce Barton in his smash-hit **The Man Nobody Knows** saying that Jesus had "picked up twelve men from the bottom ranks of business and forged them into an organization that conquered the world."

Mr. Ford doesn't say that, of course, but he identifies with businessmen who see "government turned into an instrument of philanthropic collectivism, a legislated redistribution of wealth and income, and the prospect of productive citizens required by law to support a growing number of non-productive citizens."

That's scare talk, that's political table-banging, and it isn't demagoguery because the man who says it believes it; it's from a man who fears (as he says) that "Washington will become the big daddy of all citizens."

Big on business

President Ford doesn't have a merry twinkle in his eye when he offers such things, as the late Everett McKinley Dirksen (R) of Illinois used to do. He is straightforward and uncomplicated as when he praises the market economy and says "Americans are proud of our system and pleased with what it has produced." It has produced, of course, nine million unemployed just at present. Mr. Ford tells the businessmen, "I hear your cries of anguish and desperation; I will not let you be suffocated," and he cheers them up in the present slump, reminding them that "difficulties sometimes accompany advantages in any system" along with "spells of unemployment" and a "temporary slow down." Be of good cheer, he says, excessive federal intervention will be frustrated; he will help "get government off your back."

This is Alan Greenspan speaking -- Bill Simon, Earl Butz, Caspar Weinberger, one of the most conservative teams assembled around a chief executive in a generation. They believe, like Mr. Ford, that free enterprise is threatened by "philanthropic collectivism." Is he thinking about the vetoed strip mining bill? We think Mr. Ford will run for office next year on a program of big defense, big law enforcement and big tax breaks for business, and very likely get elected, too.

The third anniversary of the discovery of Watergate came last week -- a little noticed story at the time which **The New York Times** carried, Sunday June 18, 1972 on page 38, a third of the way down between furniture advertisements, with a mild four-column headline, "5 Charged With Burglary at Democratic Headquarters." The election was on and, on October 18, the despairing Democratic Study Group got out a four-page flier, "The Most Corrupt Administration in History." But who was listening to George McGovern!

Next to the revelation of the tapes the most disturbing thing for many is the discovery of the perversion of the intelligence and police forces of the government whereby the executive office can instigate the murder of foreign leaders, by wink or by direct command, through the agency of "executive privilege." If that is so, executive privilege is the strongest force in our government.

The Ervin committee left the Bebe Rebozo melodrama hanging fire: it notes "the transmittal of $100,000 in $100 bills from Howard Hughes to the President's close friend, Charles G. Rebozo, several years prior to the 1972 election" and then it goes on, in its final report, to ask questions and note discrepancies in evidence given under oath.

"In early 1972," it says, "Rebozo began receiving and accepting a variety of contributions...At no time, however, did he acknowledge in writing to Hughes or his representatives the receipt of the $100,000 nor did he ever notify as he did with other contributions in 1972, any campaign officials (sic) the receipt of $100,000 until after the election." Rebozo, the Ervin report adds, "placed himself beyond the reach of the committee by traveling to Europe when he had reason to know that the remaining life of the committee precluded it from enforcing further subpoenas on him or others."

So what's the story? We don't know. The Ervin committee "finds it appropriate," it says in its report, July 1974 "that the matters set forth herein be pursued further by relevant investigative bodies."

It's high time we got the answer.

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Looking for the soldiers

[Continued from page one]

1968 died before it was born, it **did** get press coverage which drew connections between it and the Captain Howard Levy case. There was the birth and death of the UFO, a coffee house of sorts shut down by former Solicitor John Foard (See **Osceola**, August 17, 1973) after numerous complaints that, among other things, the UFO was frequented by people "who didn't agree with the government on the Vietnam War, and things like that -- somewhat of a political nature." Dissent had even come to Columbia.

During the height of our involvement in the Vietnam War, somewhere between ninety and one hundred thousand men were passing through Columbia every year. On any given day, the population at Fort Jackson hovered around 25,000 with no fewer than 12,000 of those in basic training. As late as 1971, the daily average was 23,500, although the yearly processing number had dipped to 57,000 or so -- nearly half the war-time peak. In 1972, a housing shortage on base resulted in more than 20,000 base personnel (including soldiers and their dependents) moving into Columbia itself. The Army had become totally volunteer, and the soldiers had begun to disappear from downtown Columbia. They had switched to civilian attire. By June 30, 1973 the estimated population on base had dropped to a little over 17,000.

At the beginning of 1973, there were hints of an increase in personnel at the base, but the war was over, there appeared to be an absence of crisis situations on the international scene, and the hints proved to be wishful thinking. By the end of June, Fort Jackson's 10 Training Battalions were trimmed to 9, and Fort Polk, Lousiana, was to be handling all Advanced Infantry Training for the Eastern Seaboard. There were 384 members of the Women's Army Corps in two companies at Jackson -- one on permanent assignment, and the other for advanced training -- but there was talk of a WAC basic training program in the works, possibly for early 1974. The daily average had dropped to 19,000.

III. Uptown Downstairs

I don't know what we were expecting, but it wasn't this: 9 o'clock on a Friday night and the first place we step into is almost a tomb. Ten, maybe 15 people sitting at tables, nodding to Al Green or Barry White on the jukebox. It is sad, and I say so as I take a seat at the bar.

"It's sad," I say.

"What's sad?"

"This place. I like a bar where it's crowded and noisy. You have a lot more privacy, you know what I mean? If you want to be alone, you can be alone. If you want to be a slob, you can be a slob -- nobody's going to notice. Just look at this place; it's like a wax museum. They're not even tapping their feet -- just heads nodding up and down like those dolls you find in the tourist shops."

We talked for awhile, finished our beers, and were just about to head for another door to step through, when a Spec 4 walked in and took a seat at the bar. He ordered a gin and tonic. We ordered another round of beers. A few more people came in, even a couple of ladies, one of whom went directly to the jukebox, plugged in two or three quarters, and started to dance. From the table behind me, I hear:

"Hey, man, look at the tits on that one."

"Yeah. Nice. Really nice."

[Continued on page four]

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The Man Who Cannot"

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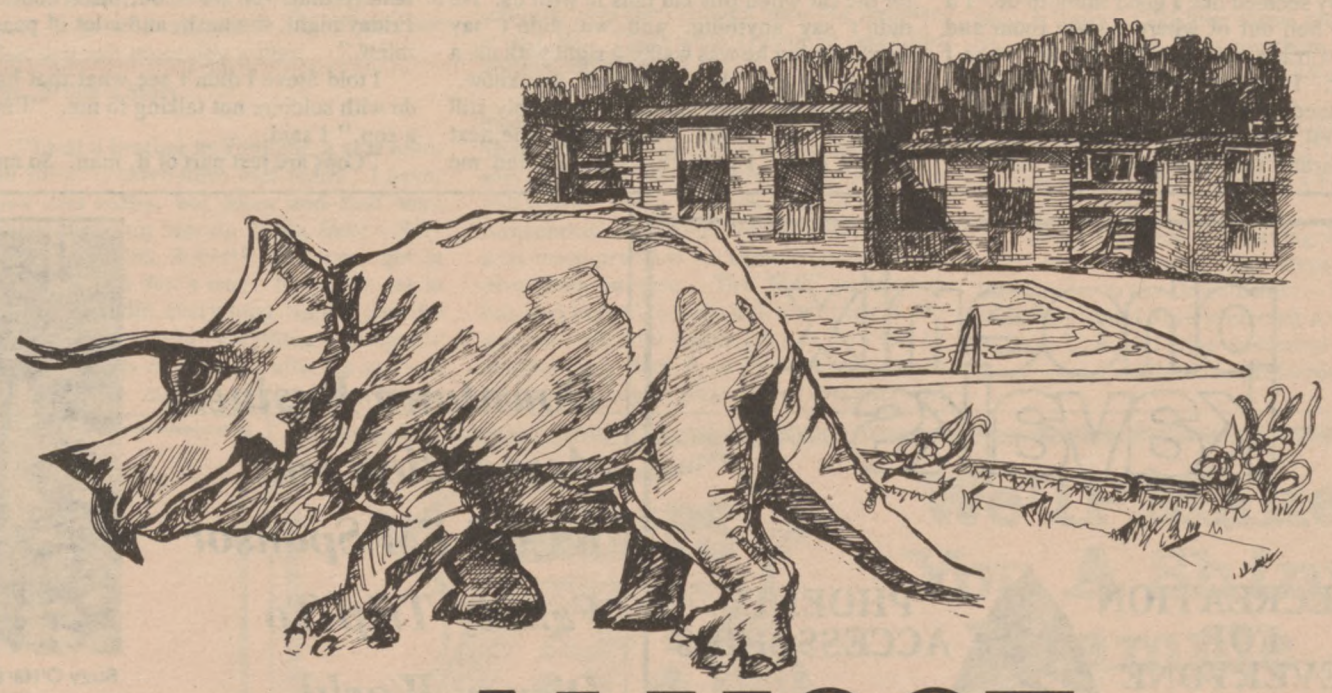

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Fort Jackson eight years later

[Continued from page three]

Through the mirror, I can see three guys sitting at the table. They're young, maybe not even in their twenties. "Soldiers," I think. .

"You got a light?" It's the Spec 4.

"Yeah, sure," I say and hand him a pack of matches. "Not much going on around here, is there?"

"Nope. Never is. Not this time of night. It's too early yet, but in an hour or so it'll be filling up."

"Many chicks come down here?"

"Later on. There'll be quite a few. That one's not too bad," he says, handing the matches back and nodding at the dancing girl.

"Yeah. She's pretty."

"But I'd rather have a white. There will be some white ones too."

"Yeah," I say, "I guess there will."

IV. Steve's Story

Steve is on his way to Norfolk to begin sea duty. On Tuesday, he leaves for Spain. He's stopped in Columbia on his way from San Diego to see some old friends. His friends have moved away. We are talking at the bar, drinking a couple of Buds. I explain my problem: where are all the soldiers?

Steve points them out. They're all in civvies. "It's their attitude," he says, "Just look for the guys that look the most lost. Those are the soldiers."

"But they won't talk to you," he adds.

Steve explains the situation. He joined the Navy a year ago to get out of problems at home -- a small town in north central South Carolina. He had a relationship with his girl going nowhere, a job in a mill -- also going nowhere. He'd gone to USC for a year, but couldn't keep himself interested and dropped out. "At the time," he says, "joining the Navy seemed like a good thing to do. I'd get the hell out of where I was, room and board, a trade, and the G.I. Bill for when I got out. Fantastic, right? And anyway, I was stoned out of my head -- so I enlisted."

"Well, you're talking to me," I say, "Why aren't they going to talk to me?"

"Oh, man," Steve says, "the approach is fine. Walk into a bar, have a few drinks, start talking. Sure. But look at these guys. They're all in basic. All these guys are in basic. They're not going to talk to you. They're scared, man. They're switching from civilian to military life, and they're suspicious of everything. The military does a lot of it, sure, but you civilians help the paranoia. You look side-ways out of your eyes at us. We're fine when we spend our money and don't get too loud, but otherwise we're just strangers. Just strangers -- like tourists, in a way. The only difference is the tourists decide for themselves when to leave and when to stay. That's all out of our hands.

"Let me give you an example. I used to have long hair, and where I lived it didn't make much difference what you did as long as you had long hair. I'm not talking about fraternity cuts. I mean just letting it grow, you know, like Dylan says in that song: "I'm going to grow my hair down to my feet so strange/until I look like a walking mountain range?" Well, I used to get hassled all the time. A real pain in the ass. But anyway, when I got into the service, I figured all that would change. You know, I'd have a uniform, a straight haircut, shined shoes. I'd be the All-American boy. But it doesn't work like that. You see, the only uniform that counts, finally, is the uniform of the man in the town you're in. That's all that counts.

"I learned that in San Diego. This friend of mine, Bobby, and I had scored a half ounce of hash, and since there wasn't much happening where we were, we figured we'd truck across town, smoke up on the way, and maybe we'd be able to pick up on a little action over there. So here we are heading for the car when this kid falls in with us. He didn't say anything, and we didn't say anything, but he was walking right with us, a little to the left, like he knew us, you know. Just some kid, some punk kid, probably still in junior high school. At any rate, the next thing I know, I hear this voice behind me saying: 'Okay, you three hold it right there.'

"Well, all I could think about was the hash, so I pretended like I didn't hear the voice and turned the corner, flipping the cube up against the building. Then I started back and looked around the corner, starting to give this Were you talking to me? kind of look -- when I saw the cop had his gun out. He had Bobby and the little creep up against the wall, and I guess if I hadn't have turned around that mother would have just stepped to the corner and drawn a bead on my back. 'Okay, wise guy, he says, get your ass over here.'

"Now, Bobby and me were clean. We weren't even high yet. I mean we had just scored the damned hash. We'd had maybe two beers a piece, but we were straight sober. The little guy, though, the guy we didn't know, he had a open pint of bourbon--and guess what? -- yep, he was under-age. So what the cop is trying to get us on is buying liquor for a minor. Bobby and me, we're both trying to explain to the cop that we'd never seen the kid before. I just couldn't believe it was happening, so I started grinning. I always start to grin when I can't understand what's going on, you know what I mean? I don't mean anything by it, but the cop didn't take to that attitude at all. So you're a real wise ass, ain't you soldier? he's telling me. And the more he gets on me, the more I can't believe it, so the more I'm grinning.

"The next thing I know, he's cuffing Bobby and me. We're being held for Shore Patrol. To make a long, stupid story short, the SP's came and brought us to base. We told them what happened and they let us go: no charges, no apologies, nothing. They just said: 'Okay, you're clean. Just better be careful who you hang around with.' Can you believe that? So we're out three hours of a Friday night, the hash, and a lot of peace of mind."

I told Steve I didn't see what that had to do with soldiers not talking to me. "I'm not a cop," I said.

"Cops are just part of it, man. So maybe you've got it rough. I thought I had it rough. But now I'm living under two kinds of law. And neither of them make me very happy."

V. Try the Shangrila

Somebody said try the Shangrila, and that's what we were doing. Bearing left off Sumter Highway onto Fort Jackson Boulevard, we expected to spot it right away. We expected, at least, to see some kind of activity, but as we continued, the scene grew more and more deserted. I started to suspect someone had moved the fort. That's why we couldn't find the soldiers, I thought.

Just before we hit the gate, though, we saw it. Someone noted the cars grazing peacefully on our left. We pulled into the lot. As I got out of the car, a red-faced -- probably boozed up -- G.I. was weaving his way through the maze of foxy ladies and platformed dudes at the door. The soldier was very drunk, his eyes vacant. It was obvious he was looking for a little fresh air. The black tattoo of an open serpent's mouth on his right forearm couldn't have been more than a day or so old. I was thinking of going up and starting a conversation, when a ring-filled hand reached out and pulled itself onto the soldier's shoulder. The other hand stroked the nape of the goods.

"Hey, man," somebody said, "they've got a $2.75 cover out here. I can't afford that."

As we piled back into the car, the soldier was staggering into the side-lot with his hand limply pawing a well-fleshed hip.

"What do we do now?" I wanted to know.

A voice suggested Downunder. As we pulled onto the Beltline, a blue Charger pulled alongside and a passenger leaned out the window to scream at our driver: "Hey! You guys know how to get to the Golden Eagle?"

VI. At the Know-So

I'd passed the place thousands of times

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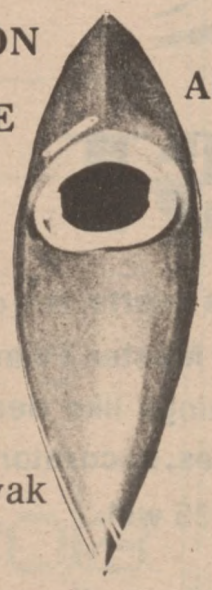

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In conjunction with the United States Bicentennial celebration next year, Walt Disney World has already started what is going to be the largest individual bicentennial celebration in the United States. In the weeks to come, all fifty states and the District of Columbia will receive one entire week devoted to them at Disney World.

Coinciding with the local presentation of the Disney Classic "Bambi" on June 27th, Walt Disney World has given the Downtown Business Association a family vacation to give away. During the period of June 23-July 5, 1975, anyone can register at any one of the Downtown locations that are serving as registration points. Along with the trip will go a $200 cash transportation allowance from the Downtown Merchants. Included are:

— Three nights/four days accommodations at the TraveLodge Hotel located in Lane Buena Vista, the Host Community to Disney World.
— Three days worth round trip transfers from the Host Community to the magic kingdom
— Two general admission tickets and sixteen-attraction Magic Kingdom Tickets.
— Unlimited use of the Walt Disney World Transportation system . . . including the monorail
— Three breakfasts for the entire family
— One world cruise ticket and one treasure island ticket
— A photo with a Walt Disney character and the entire family
— An official Hostess greeting
— One dinner coupon to the exciting Pioneer Hall
— Two transfers for transportation between the Hotel Plaza and McCoy Jetport.

Suzy O'Hara, the official Walt Disney World Ambassador and the United States Bicentennial Goodwill ambassador throughout the world, will be in town to kick off the promotion. Miss O'Hara will be hosted at a luncheon by Mr. Bill Smith of Standard Savings, president of the Downtown Business Association. Later she will be honored by being only the second female in the history of Columbia to ever receive the Key to the City.

heading for the newsstand or the Capitol Restaurant, but this was the first time I ever went up the stairs. I had often been accosted by "literature" freaks in the general vicinity -- "Could I interest you in something wholesome to read, sir?" -- but I had never drawn the connection. Now on a Sunday afternoon, I am asking questions of a man who is not quite sure it's worth the effort to try and save my soul.

Know-So takes its name from I John 5:13. Kenneth Lierle, the man I am talking to, estimates somewhere around 7,000 soldiers pass through Know-So in a year. "We-ve got free games and refreshments, these facilities. It's all free for servicemen. They can play footsball, ping-pong, checkers -- or they can just sit and talk. But our main ministry here is spiritual."

I can see it coming. For the next 30 minutes, Mr. Lierle tries to save my soul by sketching a spiritual history of the world on the back of a business card. A.E., B.C., A.D., K.G. -- the abbreviations of belief as points along a line from 4004 B.C. to 1975 A.D. I understand that all I must do to escape hell is to recognize I am a sinner, have faith, confess, believe, and call -- five easy steps. I continually try to pose questions to get the conversation off religion and onto the topic at hand: where are all the soldiers?

The common complaint crops up: there's just nothing to do in Columbia on weekends -- "Nothing wholesome," Mr. Lierle stresses. In the course of our conversation it begins to occur to me why the evangelical movement will never be as big as the Pepsi Generation -- it's a matter of P.R., a matter of advertising. Whenever I asked for examples of particularly unwholesome entertainment, Mr. Lierle referred to "the place up the street" and "the place next door." I thought he was talking about the Pub and the Pawn Shop (drinking and money-lending are questionable activities at best), or maybe the newsstand. It wasn't until I was leaving and Mr. Lierle followed me down to point at a watch in the novelty store next door that I realized how mistaken I was.

"You see that?" he said, pointing at the watch, positioned ironically next to a "Jesus Loves You" pendant. On the face of the watch was a nude female so small you had to study it carefully to realize that's what it was. "That's what I'm talking about. And there was a belt buckle over here with the same thing on it. I guess they've already sold it."

Upstairs I had asked this question: "What about the guys who don't want to be saved your way? What if they just want to play ping pong and drink free coffee? What if they just want to sit around and read?"

"Most of the people we get in here only come once. There's a high turnover out at the base."

Amen.

VII. Andy's Story

Andy was born and raised in New York City. By sixteen, he was smoking marijuana regularly. "It didn't smell on my breath like whiskey does," he explained. One night, two of Andy's friends pulled up in a car in front of the local hang-out and asked Andy if he would like to go to a party. "There will be lots of chicks there, man. Good looking chicks." Andy never got to see the chicks. The car his friends were driving had been stolen. At the hearing, Andy was advised that he had a choice between "rehabilitation" and the service. "It could make a man out of you," the judge had said.

So at 17, Andy was in the service, waiting to be made into a man. It almost happened on his first weekend pass. Drunk, on his way back to camp, and horny, he ran into a whore at the Greyhound bus terminal. It would be $40, Andy was told. Forty dollars seemed a bit high, but Andy still had $50 and he had yet to become a man -- the very thing he was in the service for in the first place -- so he agreed to terms. There wasn't money or time to find a room, so Andy and his new friend entered a stall in the men's room, so the Greyhound bus station. The lady's room was locked. The atmosphere had less than the desired affect on Andy. He couldn't get it up. His friend kept saying: "Hurry it up, honey -- I ain't got all night." When Andy finally gave up, the girl demanded the money anyway. If she didn't get it, she threatened: "I'll scream rape so loud, they'll hang your daisy ass right here." Andy paid up and the girl stalked out, leaving Andy just a little dazed on a damp commode seat. He was late getting back to base. It got him an Article 15. That's not what you call becoming a man.

VIII. Willie's Story

"I lost a brother in Vietnam, a real hero, you know. I hated him. Not really. I never knew him really, but Mom and Dad were always throwing him up in my face: 'Why can't you be like Robert? He never got in trouble.' And that's true. He never got in trouble. He did everything right. Got the best grades, the best everything. So I got to think of him as my enemy, after he got into the Army, I mean. He'd never done anything to me, never put me down, you know -- it was just the folks and they kept it up, day after day.

"At any rate, one day he got killed. I couldn't cry. It didn't make me happy that he was dead. I didn't feel anything like that, but I just couldn't cry. My parents thought that was a sin. I don't think I'll ever live that down.

"That was three years ago, and now I'm in the Army. I'll never be a hero. Don't want to be. I work in the motor pool and whenever I get a pass I come into town and get wasted. It's not a bad life. It could be better. I'm just marking time.

"Just marking time."

IX. A Few More Statistics

Today Fort Jackson has an operating budget of around $185 million. Almost $25 million of this is paid to civilian employees. Much of the remainder is also channeled into the local economy in the form of supply and equipment purchases, contracted services, and dollars spent by the servicemen on entertainment, etc. Discounting inflation even, the increase in the base's spending would indicate an influx of dollars and, presumably, soldiers into Columbia's downtown businesses. But where are all the soldiers? Why aren't they visible anymore?

Part of the answer seems to lie in the fact that Fort Jackson is now one of only two (the other is Fort McClellan) processing centers handling basic training for WAC's. Approximately 8,000 WAC's are passing through the base during a year, and, as one base employee put it: "It's impossible to tell them from anybody else. Once they get downtown, they get a room, buy some clothes, and hit the spots. It's a lot easier getting along with people out of uniform." Obviously, too, the movement off base begun in '72 has continued. Many more enlisted men are married now than during induction days and with relaxed hair-cut codes, ect. it's a lot more difficult to tell the soldiers from the civilians once the uniform comes off. There's no reason to wear the uniform off base.

Also, Fort Jackson has poured a lot of money into on-base recreational facilities. There are two bowling alleys, a number of servicemen's centers, swimming, fishing, a golf course, movie theatres. Faced with the transportation problem in Columbia, it's just a lot more practical for recruits to find their diversions on-base. The WAC population has also helped to keep G.I.'s on their home ground. It's a lot easier for a G.I. to talk to another G.I. than it is for him to talk to another civilian -- what better arrangement than to have the other G.I. also be of the opposite sex?

Also, of course, we have to consider the absence of war. There are less than half the number of recruits being processed through Fort Jackson than were being processed during the height of the Vietnam War. The daily population is somewhere less than 20,000.

But it all goes back to buffalo in the end. As one source put it: "Well, the war's over. A lot of things we've had to face in the past five or ten years were pretty disheartening -- if not humiliating. A lot of the recruits we get now are looking for work, security, that sort of thing. They're fine guys, but they're not as anxious to be really out front that they're in the military as ten years ago."

X. Downunder

Slaughter enough buffalo to endanger the species. Gather whatever beasts are left and put them in compounds. Feed them. Protect them. Let them know you love them. Let them know you appreciate their still being alive. These small herds will prosper. They will grow. You may not see them now, but when you need them they will appear before you again. You will say: "They are the buffalo. They are what we need." You will herd them through the streets and applaud them. They will try to maintain their dignity. They will try to ignore you. You will say: "Look how pretty they are," but you will see there are too many. Whenever this happens, invite the public to help thin out the herd. Cage the beasts you think are of littlest use. Have the hunters line up in an open field. Let them wear name tags like "Peace with Honor," "We Have Our Committments" and "We Are Number One." Cage them in tiny corrals. Let them loose one at a time and let the hunters take aim and fire. This is the way it is done at a buffalo shoot.

The war was a buffalo shoot. We herded a dream into a cage and our own nightmares blew it away. God love those servicemen. They never knew what hit them. So now we're in Columbia in 1975: where are all those soldiers?

Nothing been going on all night. We finish our beers and head home to pass out on borrowed couches. It's not a bad life, we say. It could be better.

I notice the Spec 4 is leaving with a foxy lady as we ascend the steps. From Downunder to the Downtowner -- it's a clear shot. He would have preferred a white girl, he said. I would have preferred -- I don't know what I would have preferred. ■

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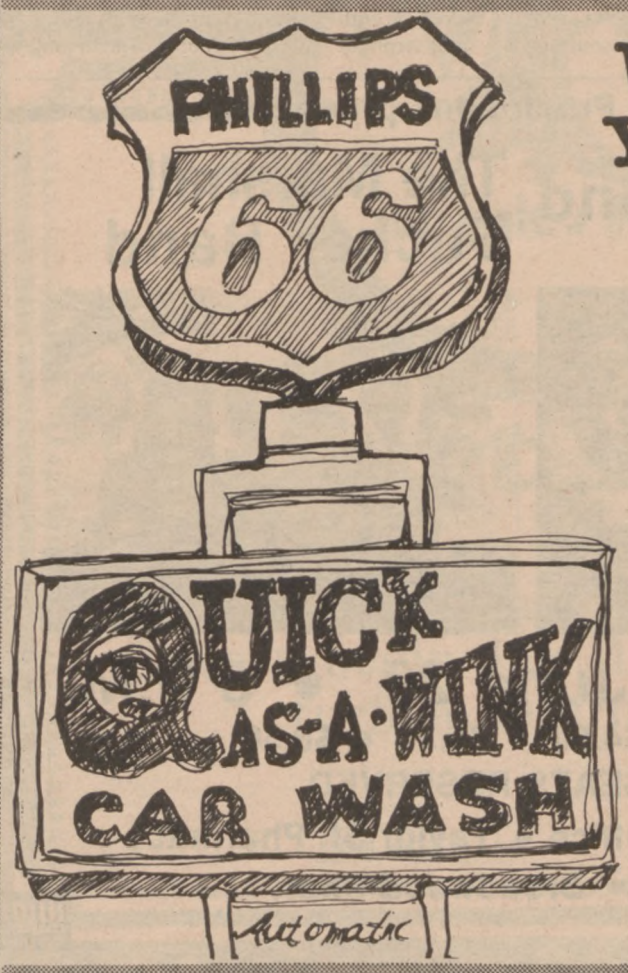

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Chaise lounge country

No time for the su

by MICHAEL BANE

Maybe we're all still laboring under the shadow of Woodstock, still looking for another three days of peace, brotherhood and music. Or maybe promoters are just slow to give up a good thing. In either case, after almost a decade of constant abuse, the music festival is still with us.

Granted, it's seen some pretty substantial changes -- the idea of lumping half-a-million people in somebody's cowpasture with a muddy pond for water and five Johnny-on-the-Spots for sanitation is enough to send even the most liberal sheriff into apoplexy. But the idea of tying five or ten groups together, commandeering that same cowpasture and soaking the fans with exorbitant ticket prices refuses to die.

The idea of a music festival does have better sides. For instance, if you're a fan, you can usually lie around in the grass and get stoned (or drunk, your preference) without ending up in the Godforsaken County jail. If you're a performer trying to make the big-time, you can ride the coattails of the big names without suffering the opening act blues (Imagine trying to open for the Rolling Stones. It'd be like loosening up the German army in 1939.) Finally, if you're a promoter, you don't have to plunk down rental money for a concert hall, you can hustle your own concessions, you can bring in a craft show or some such money-maker on the side and if you want, you can even be your own emcee.

And if everything goes off without a hitch -- a little luck and a quick rainshower never hurt -- everybody has a ball. If not, the whole affair is a godawful bore.

The Santee-Cooper Country Music Festival, held last weekend in a cowpasture near Elloree, unfortunately falls into the latter category.

Not because the promoters didn't try -- Jim Ulmer's farm is a beautiful place for a festival of any sort. The problem is they tried too hard. The festival was organized with a vengeance.

The name bill featured Tammy Wynette on Friday night, with T.G. Shepherd (''Tryin' To Beat The Morning Home''), David Allen Coe, Little David Wilkins and Porter Mack tying up Saturday night. The interim hours were filled with amateur competition, sponsored by South Carolina radio stations, with the winners grabbing $500 prizes. So far, so good.

But consider this:

--Ticket prices were advertised at $6 per day. Price at the gate turned out to be $6.50, and after driving an hour from Columbia or Charleston or two and a half hours from Charlotte, who quibbles over 50 cents?

--Schedules of who was playing when were hard to come

Like sitting in the backyard

by (I was never able to find one outside Santee, and I looked), which wasn't too much of a problem unless you especially wanted to hear, say, David Allen Coe, who was scheduled to appear at 9:45 p.m. and you arrived at noon.

--If you didn't see the concession stands on your way in, you were reminded of them every 15 minutes for the next seven or eight hours. With the craft shops, the pitch was a little stronger -- ''These people came a long way to sell these things to you, so take a look.''

--And having disc jockeys introduce their station's entry in the talent contest was probably a good idea on paper, but what it boiled down to (literally boiled, in the 90 degree heat) was a plug for every bar, supper club and soft drink in South Carolina, not to mention a couple of incredibly tasteless jokes.

Perhaps the real problem was simply a lack of people. The festival organizers were geared for 20,000 people per day -- after all, last year's inaugural event drew over 15,000 people each day. But $6.50 wasn't near as dear last summer as it is in these times of recession. Around 2,000 people showed up, which left a lot of hamburgers uneaten.

For the people who did pay for 16 hours of country music, there was pitifully little country music. The amateur competition was, for the most part, a pastiche of John Denver frippery and Olivia Newton-John middle-of-the-road. There were few original compositions, which were tossed in with the imitators.

Imagine my surprise, then, when in the middle of this middle-of-the-road wasteland I heard a real country singer. If you ran into Chuck Green on the street, you'd take one look and say ''country singer.'' You'd probably also get a ticket, since what Chuck Green really is is a highway patrolman.

He performed three numbers at Santee, including one of his own compositions, and was head and shoulders above his competition. Santee also marked the first time Green had been on stage in front of a crowd, which made his performance even more remarkable.

After his performance, the 11-year law enforcement veteran blushed at all the attention he was getting.

''I wasn't afraid up there on stage,'' he said. ''I guess my job has taught me how not to be afraid.''

Country music has been a part of his life ''ever since I was a littler feller,'' Green said, but only recently has he seen it as a possible career.

''I think you can only do one profession at a time,'' he said. ''I think I might be ready to do a little more music.''

He's caught the eyes and ears of Freddie Hart (''Easy Lovin' ''), Capitol Records' top country artist, and that proverbial trip to Nashville doesn't seem impossible. Or, as one fan asking for an autograph put it, ''he may not be

Just loosening up

nothin' now, but that boy's gonna make it someday.''

Credit also goes to the Capital City Cowboys of Columbia, who consistently played top-notch music through two sweltering days and more than once outshined the people they were backing up.

Despite the problems, a third Santee-Cooper Country Music Festival is in the offing, said festival promotion man Bob Hickman.

''We're really a combination of volunteers,'' he said. ''We can't really put ourselves in the category of full-time, professional promoters.''

The festival is underwritten by 35 to 40 individuals, and this year's low attendance is going to dip into their pockets.

''It appears that we're going to come up with less income than expenses,'' Hickman said. ''It looks like it's going to cost our underwriters about $75-80 apiece. People in this area recognize it was a good thing -- there is a feeling of confidence in the festival. I would say there is every likelihood that we will continue with it.''

He attributed the low attendance to a number of factors, not the least thing being high ticket prices, tight money, a remote location and a tiny ($1,200) advertising budget.

''We recognize right off the things we did wrong,'' Hickman added. ''But the people who did come got a lot of entertainment for their money.''

The entire two-day event was filmed by South Carolina Educational Television, and I can't help thinking that the whole thing will look better with a bit of editing. Maybe next year a little less organization is called for. Loosen up, it can't hurt.

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summertime blues

Carowinds garden party

by JOE EARLE

Y'all see that there white concrete sidewalk up there and over to the left? Well, that's not just any white concrete sidewalk up there and over to the left. No, siree! That sidewalk leads to the Carowinds Palladium, and tonight Rick Nelson and the Stone Canyon Band are a'gonna be there! Anybody seen 'em yet? You have! Well, are you gonna go back? Okay....

--tour conductor on the Carowinds-Carolina RR

Rick Nelson seems to be enjoying himself. Here, in the Carowinds Palladium, he is a Star. Screeching teenyboppers -- halter topped young nymphs certainly too young to remember his salad days with Ozzie and Harriet, and probably too young to remember many of his hits -- pop flashbulbs in his face, pass notes to the stage and fight for a

. . . up, up, and

sweaty Holiday Inn towel he nonchalantly tosses to the crowd. The rest of the 5,000 or so fans filling the Palladium are quieter, but respectful.

Nelson treats his audience to a carefully-paced hour of rock and country-rock centered around his Top Forty hits. Enthusiastic applause greets "Hello Mary Lou," "Travelin' Man," "She Belongs To Me," and, of course, "Garden Party." The four-piece Stone Canyon Band gets little attention at this show; it is a solid, reserved unit that leaves most of the crowd-pleasing to the Star. The band backs Nelson's vocals and rhythm guitar with understated competency, adding a country tinge to his older songs and generally reproducing newer songs note for note from the records. Only a few of the songs run over three minutes.

Nelson plays up his scrubbed, gold boy image and grins a lot at the crowd. They like him and he gives every appearance of liking them. Nelson keeps his introductions short -- they have obviously been prepared in advance because they change little from one show to another -- and jokes about his age draw sympathetic laughter. Even the older members of the audience nod their heads in time to the music and grin at the corny patter.

A few rock numbers are scattered through the set, but the emphasis of this show is on ballads and country-pop. The band doesn't really let loose until the last song. "Honky Tonk Women" is a hard-driving rock closer for the late show, and draws a standing ovation and a spirited encore. But a number of the older folks gather their kids and start to head back to the rides.

Nelson is one of several rock and country acts that have started making regular concert appearances at the nation's "theme parks." Big-name entertainment is packing in crowds at Disneyland and Disney World, the three Six Flags parks, and other such islands scattered across the country. The Theme Park Circuit is turning into a 70's version of the State Fair circuit and performers like Nelson (who has played both Disney parks and all of the Six Flags) are becoming as regular a park fixture as roller coasters and log flumes.

Carowinds initiated its concert program this summer and has planned performances by more than 30 big names in roughly 100 performances during the 1975 season. Family Leisure Inc., the operating arm of the company that purchased the Carowinds facility last December, built a 7,500-seat amphitheater to house the concerts and has put about $300,000 into purchasing talent for the shows, according to concert promoter Pat Quillen. The Carowinds series is sprinkled with names like Neil Sedaka, Linda Ronstadt, Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, Chubby Checker and Bobby Goldsboro.

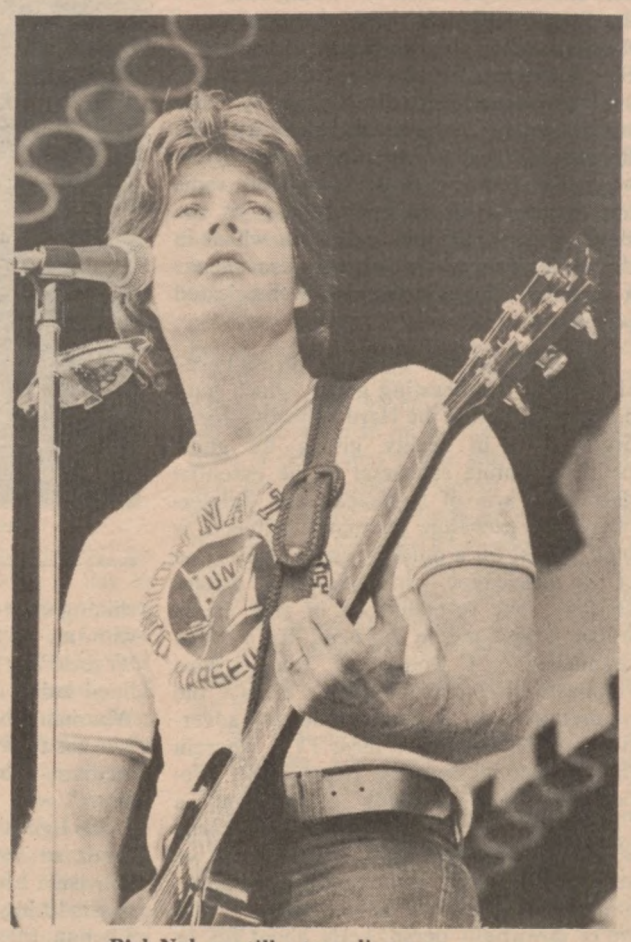
The concert package is just part of Family Leisure's "five year plan" to make Carowinds more attractive. When they bought the park from a Charlotte developer last winter, it was losing money and customers. Carowinds drew about 1.2 million last year. Family Leisure, which operates two other theme parks and the Hanna-Barbera cartoon mill, wants to pull back 1.2 million this year. The new owners have added the concert series, a trained bird show, five children's rides and walking/dancing Yogi Bears, Schooy-Doos and other Hanna- characters to lure back customers.

Like everything else at Carowinds, big name shows are just another part of the packaged fun. Nelson performed two nearly identical shows on June 21 at the self-styled "Entertainment Capital of the Carolinas." Besides Nelson, Carowinds customers were treated to an air show, five musical shows, and the rides.

What qualities does Carowinds look for in their concert entertainment? "We try to get a cross-section of entertainment for a family audience," Quillen said. "We're depended on other parks for ideas, but we've got some heavies the other parks would like to have, like Frankie Valli and Blood, Sweat and Tears."

The Carowinds Palladium is not a bad place to see a concert. The acoustics are good. The lighting and sound -- both handled by Carowinds technicians who also work the park's theaters -- is pleasant. The audience is unlike any other concert audience one would expect in the Carolinas. A mixture of longhairs, families, tennyboppers and older folks showed up for the Nelson show and remained attentive and appreciative throughout his set. Because of this audience, the Nelson show tended to be safe and predictable family entertainment.

But that is what Carowinds provides. The concerts are another facet of the over-all park experience. Quillen judges



Rick Nelson still a traveling man . . .

the concerts not on the music, but on their ability to hold a crowd. "I think we've been successful at this if we've drawn a number of people for the last show on Saturday," he said. "That means we have kept them in the park for a while, buying food and drinks and riding the rides."

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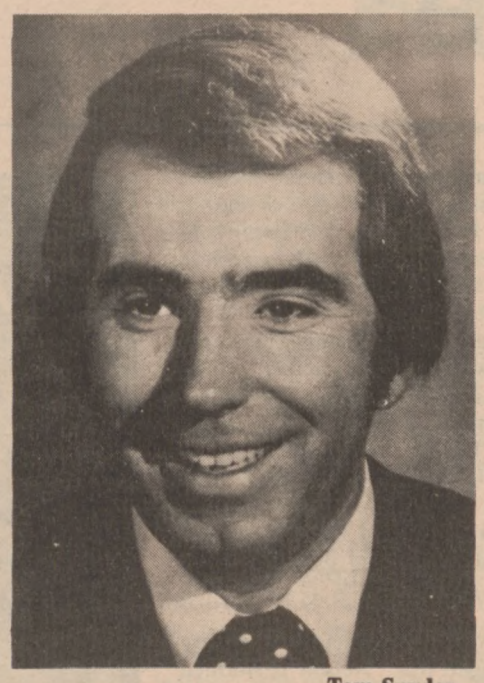
Television

A cut above the usual TV talk party

Two talk shows I ordinarily loathe or -- more precisely -- love to hate -- came up with two unexpectedly worthwhile programs in the last ten days. I refer to the "Tomorrow Show" with neo-disc-jockey host Tom Snyder, and the PBS rerun of "Firing Line" on the issue of abortion with that master of rhetorical reticence William F. Buckley Jr. Here were two shows at least a cut above the average transistorized TV talk party: the actual content of the Snyder show with the Rosenberg brothers and Morton Sobell was negligible really, but the show left some impressions of character. It had, as the cliche goes, some fine moments, which in the world of telephoto existentialism means a moment of generally non-prefabricated poignance



Tom Snyder

EXCEPT for the Meet-The-Press-Face-The-Nation broadcasting genre, which purports to dissemble the Hard Objective News Stuff while in reality giving its guest politicos routine rehearsal in the essential decorative arts of Newspeak and Zeigler-ology, TV exchange on topical subjects is built at best for a quick intuitive impression of the messenger -- his message a distant second. The re-realization of this media truism strikes me on the head like a fallen chandelier. I wonder if this curious emphasis on personality isn't in fact the natural inverse of the commercial advertising which dominates most TV -- wherein the commercial message is ostensibly predominant but is candy coated with a "pleasing" personality in a cute/corny 28-second morality play. I suspect we suspect every poor improvising video phantom of trying to sell us something -- and we're downright persnicketty about his or her personality. The most ridiculous condensation of this attitude occurs every year at Miss America time when you and me and Mom and Dad and Mabel and Fred gather at the tube to watch that Mickey Mouse Club roll call of all 50 girls. As each shining ultra-virgin passes by and greets us with an impeccable Ipana smile we say "Yeech!" or "Yummy!" as if these streamlined ladies were no more than hunks of Whitman Chocolate, 50 different flavors. It's not their fault; it's not ours -- it's the medium. That's the message: superficiality.

So I guess it's no wonder that every time I talk or write about talk I've heard on television I feel the eerie euphoria of global gossip lifting my head toward the ceiling like a helium-filled balloon. I know it's easy and all too much in the vogue today to tell you this but -- Marshall McLuhan, you were wrong: television does or can have a content, a very specific kind of content, namely gossip, which is, as they say, a content of a different color. In the oral tradition of history gossip is the pack-horse that carries the goods. Which leads me to suppose that if we all watched TV and really tried to pass along the "info" gained thereby, we'd have a pretty funny parody of the "tribal culture," McLuhan says we have. Language would become static electricity, and verbal spasticism the nation's number one mental health problem. All this pop-speculation about the tube is a preface to reporting that I got "good vibes" from Ethel and Julius Rosenberg's two boys (men actually) who turned up on Tom Snyder's on June 17.

Michael and Robert Rosenberg (adopted surname Meeropol) have co-authored a book entitled **We Are Your Sons**, partly autobiographical, partly exhortatory, urging that the case of their parents Ethel and Julius, be re-opened and re-examined with the fine teeth of the post-Watergate investigation comb. In case you are oblivious to the front pages, the Rosenberg case has been called the most famous "spy trial" on the century. Ethel and Julius Rosenberg were convicted and sentenced in 1951, and executed in 1953, for conspiring to steal secret information about the atom bomb and passing it along to the Russians. The principal witnesses against the Rosenbergs were David Greenglass, Ethel's own brother, and his wife Ruth who testified with a wealth of detail and connective tissue that the Rosenbergs had recruited them to spy. Greenglass was a construction foreman in the Los Alamos bomb project and privy to top secret imfornation. The Rosenbergs flatly denied involvement in any kind of espionage. The jury believed the Greenglasses.

Throughout the 20-odd years since the execution of the Rosenbergs there have been revisionist and anti-revisionist accounts of the case, both large and small, alternately questioning or re-affirming the guilt of the Rosenbergs. Questions about their possible innocence have always existed and PBS aired a special about the Rosenbergs in 1974 which was critical of the verdict -- and highly controversial. Now come questions about the alleged violation of due process, jury tampering, FBI intimidation; and there has been the subsequent revelation that the so-called "secret" allegedly ready to be passed to the Soviet Union was in fact only a rough sketch, a deficient caricature of the "Bomb." Certainly the death penalty, in hindsight, appears as a gross injustice, a direct product of the early cold war fervor and its most malicious product, McCarthyism. Michael and Robby are handsome, open, non-vindictive young men, convinced of their parents' innocence and trying -- thus far unsuccessfully -- to open all the files on their parents' case under the Freedom of Information Act.

This kind of subject matter -- conspiracies, that sort of thing--is perfect grist for the essentially sensationalistic temperament of Tom Snyder. Because of its star the "Tomorrow Show" is, in effect, a tabloid of sorts, reaching, at its rare best, the intellectual level of The Rolling Stone but hovering, most of the time, a little above The National Enquirer. Tom Snyder is basically a Rona Barrett of an interviewer who must make Edward R. Murrow rotate regularly in his grave.

Late in the show -- after the Rosenbergs had been joined by their parents' convicted co-defendant, Morton Sobell, just out of prison after 18 years -- Tom asked Michael one of his penetrating, personal, really human-type questions:

"What would you do or say to David Greenglass if you met him on the street today?" said Tom.

Michael said that he wouldn't really have anything to say to him, that he would just like to see him in a witness chair, under oath, cross-examined. And Robby concurred with his brother, adding that Greenglass, if anything, was the pawn of a malevolent enterprise.

This observation animated Morton Sobell, who looks like the burned out shell of attorney William Kunstler. He talked of his 18 years of confinement, and how anger of any kind directed solely at individuals would have rotted his spirit and destroyed his will to live. Moral advice, said a contemporary sage, consists of true platitudes and false platitudes and the task of wisdom is to determine the difference between the two; it was clear that Morton Sobell had uttered a true platitude and embellished it with 18 years of imploded emotion. It came out through his fingertips. Gathering a quivering momentum he talked one word on top of another, like a character from the past in an Ibsen play, about the callousness of certain people in "key positions," about their almost psychotic ability to lie about face. He stumbled onto Attica. Nelson Rockefeller. He mentioned Adolph Hitler...

"Now wait just a minute," said Tom. He had the sensibilities of his constituency to protect. "Wait just a minute. I can't help it...I get...very uptight...when a contemporary political figure is compared...to... Adolph Hitler...I'm sorry."

"All I'm saying," quivered Sobell, "All I'm saying is where that callousness -- that callousness exists -- there is the potential, the potential."

Tom Snyder nodded with a solemn wooden head -- the fixed tip of the one-man Gallup Pole.

Dan Lackey

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Cinema

Movies for the summer, part1

Summer is definitely upon us, and Columbia, S.C.'s raisin in the sun, is approaching that temperature where brains bake and blood boils. People in circumstances like these are liable to do anything... **anything**...to escape, either by fleeing in the family jalopy or staying at home sprawled in front of the air conditioner, dreaming of polar bears. And of course they can always, as I did, go to the movies.

The Happy Hooker
at the Fox Theatre

The Happy Hooker has been filmed in that hard, bright style characteristic of good porno, and it has such seemingly inevitable features of the New York porn product as the bespectacled secretary who lets down her hair and becomes suddenly sensuous and the brothel with doors ajar so that we, the cinematic voyeurs, can witness the various unorthodox goings on; but in adapting Xaviera Hollander's best seller the producers have obviously been interested in something more than the rubber suit crowd, for their movie is only rated R, and it stars Lynn Redgrave. Redgrave ordinarily appears as the sort of character that sits at home nights eating too many bon bons and reading Victoria Holt or the TV Guide, and for her to play the ultimate in professional sexual allure must have seemed like something of an inspiration. In a way it **is** for her presence brings far more meaning to the role than some wet lipped heavy breather. She is, for one thing, a first rate actress, and when she espouses Hollander's frank philosophy (in effect: Why feel guilty about something that makes people happy?) it takes on the refreshingly commonsensical quality it's supposed to have. Her Xaviera is simply an intelligent if somewhat hard and practical woman who likes sex and people and finds that her profession provides her with both (there are no fallen flowers or tragic vestals in her bagnio). And Redgrave further humanizes the role because physically she tends to subtract the purely sexual elements: her big gangly body is anything but sensual, and with her cracked smile and occasional flailing movements she is definitely likable, slyly ingratiating.

There are other reasons why **The Happy Hooker** transcends its sleazy/teasy genre. The soundtrack has been filled with some jazzy low-key music by Don Elliott that exudes a kind of big city cool, and it's visually complemented by the autumnal New York exteriors. And the supporting cast is generally excellent: Jean Pierre Armont plays a sexually like-minded businessman who provides Xaviera with a happy if all to brief romantic interlude; lovelady Powell is cynical, sentimental, and believable as the madam's first madam; and the biggest laugh in the film came when Xaviera is told before entering the office of an executive she's going to strip for that he's so big that if he and the hot line called the White House simultaneously, "they'd put Russia on hold," and it turns out to be...Tom Poston.

Of course, **The Happy Hooker** has very little to do with the realities of most prostitution -- the pimps, drugs, degradation -- and it's basically an extension of that literary pipe dream that goes from Doll Tearsheet on, the heart-of-gold whore, but I don't think that's any reason to condemn it; conpared to the primitive, exploitative, "Playboy philosophy" of sex in its purest form, Hollander's is an enlightened, humanistic, and liberating -- if somewhat limited -- viewpoint. It's a pleasant enough film, and I had a good time.

Jaws
at the Dutch Square South Theatre

I must admit that I had developed a disliking for **Jaws** before ever seeing it, put off by that incessant advance promotion that

Moviegoers waiting in the rain to see 'Jaws'

seemed intent on ramming the title and premise down the throat of anything breathingly human in the country. Several years ago the Hollywood studios almost went broke by sinking fortunes into the productions of their movies and trying to make them ever bigger than the living room box for which they were being deserted, but nowadays the smart money has figured out that the place to put all that dough is in a saturation national advertising campaign and enough release prints to make that kind of exposure pay off. Thus, an entertainment quantity such as **The Trial of Billy Jack, The Eiger Sanction,** or **Breakout** can be simultaneously released at hundreds of theatres across the country and advertised on TV the night or week before with the same techniques used on soap or toothpaste -- constantly putting the movie before the public eye until it becomes as much a household word as such once unfamiliar logos as Charmin, Close-up, McDonalds, Right Guard, Spiro Agnew.

With The possible exception of last year's **Great Gatsby**, **Jaws** must surely be the creme de la creme of the media made movies. The original novel was designed to be a bestseller from the time when author Peter Benchley first brought Doubleday his idea, and it was bought up for the inevitable movie version in record time by Universal's Richard Zanuck (as vice president of Fox in the late sixties, he was one of those who almost sank the studio until his dad, Darryl F., fired him) and his partner David Brown who decided to exploit it with the same methods that they used in their **Eiger Sanction**. And so by last week, **Jaws** had built up enough momentum to achieve that pinnacle of pop culture canonization, the **Time** cover story, as well as such coups as a half hour segment on Geraldo Rivera's "Goodnight America" the night before the Big Release. When a movie has this kind of self-generated excitement going behing it, a magazine like **Time**, that lives by staying where the action is, can't afford to ignore it; and as for Geraldo Rivera, was there ever anyone so gratingly, gratuitously blatant at putting himself in the middle of the action, in the center of "his" generation?

But such are the sour thoughts that go through one's head while waiting in line to see **Jaws** (that's right, gentle reader, better go early if you expect to get in); as for the movie itself, it's not bad but certainly not worth all the ballyhoo. One disadvantage of this kind of media hype is that the film when you finally see it can't possibly fulfil one's expectations -- bad or good -- and leaves one feeling jaded and frustrated. **The Exorcist** was a pussycat compared to the mental image that I and I'm sure many other people had created of it after those New York reviews and the reports of people fainting in the aisles, heart attacks, nausea, the Film the Devil Tried to Stop.

Jaws, the story (can there by anyone who doesn't already know?) of a killer shark that terrorizes the beaches of a small New England community, is rife with the sort of gory possibilities that would make the other disaster films seem frothy light comedies by comparison (they **were** comedies of a sort), but it's really pretty tame. Most of the violence is implied, and the real screamers generally consist of giant shark heads popping up unexpectedly in the background of various shots. The director, Steven Spielberg, is reportedly a devotee of Hitchcock's, and he proves it with a shot on the beach in which he simultaneuosly zooms out and tracks in on the police chief to simulate dizziness, a homage to Hitchcock's tower scene of **Vertigo**.

And like Hitchcock, Spielberg has the knack for using inanimate or insensate objects to create mood and a sense of unknowable menace -- the house in **Psycho** and the birds in **The Birds** become the flotation barrels that the shark hunters harpoon into the fish's hide and that symbolize it's movements without actually showing it. Unfortunately, what **Jaws** lacks is Hitchcock's superb editing and, his flair for character. The picture has been cut in such a ratty tat style that no scene is allowed to build to its proper suspense, and there's too little exposition in the beginning -- visual or otherwise -- of what this terror really consists of; Spielberg seems content to rely on the usual horror film conventions of surprise and sheer physical grotesquerie -- that shark head for example or a pop-eyed fright-distorted corpse dropping out of the bottom of a swamped boat.

More importantly, the characters don't affect us enough to make their deaths important. In Spielberg's excellent but neglected **Sugarland Express** last year, he provided enough characterization so that we began to care what happened to Goldie Hawn and William Atherton and were moved by the tragic ending, but here there's too much a sense as in the other disaster films of characters whose sole raison d'etre is to get clobbered, of almost an attempt to **negate** audience emotions so we can enjoy the spectacle unhindered by any feelings of concern. And the jokey soap opera lives given to these characters may even provide some audience satisfaction at their demise; who could forsee any other happy ending for **Earthquake** than that Ava Gardner should get it?

Not that **Jaws** is quite on a level with **Earthquake**. The three heroes, Roy Scheider, Richard Dreyfuss, and Robert Shaw, all give passable performances, although Shaw, who was reportedly reluctant to appear seems to be disguising his voice with a strange accent so none of his friends would recognize him. And what a relief these scruffy shark hunters are from such neat-as-a-pin every-hair-sprayed-in-place heart throbs as Robert Redford and Michael Sarrazin. But then on the debit side there's Murray Hamilton as the mayor who won't close the beaches, one of those wind up disposable creatures with a single motivation that Universal keeps tucked away in its prop department for cine apocalypses (in case we don't get the full impact of his jerkiness, he has a suit with little anchors all over it.). It wouldn't have hurt if the monster fish had had him for lunch somewhat early on.

One strange thing about this movie: everyone in it seems to be having a hard time keeping a straight face, to be secretly laughing at some private off-camera joke, and Spielberg has played many of the scenes for laughs. At first I couldn't figure out what was so funny, but as I was coming out of that first show, I had to take a side exit because people were packed like sardines in the lobby for the next feature, held back by the ushers, faces eager and anticipant...and I began to get it.

[Continued on page ten]

"A THREE RING CIRCUS OF WALL TO WALL SEX!" Bob Salmaggi
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Atlantic II
3220 TWO-NOTCH ROAD

EVENTS & ENTERTAINMENT

edited by venson steadman
JUNE 27 - JULY 4

cinema

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Mandingo" is a filmization of the kind of book that is usually described as "torrid," which translated means pulpy character melodramatics with a heavy emphasis on titillating illicit sex. The plot has something for eveyone, a round robin of miscegenation in the pre-Civil War south that would make William Faulkner blush. The distribs are obviously counting on cleaning up down here in magnolia land with this outre "Gone With the Wind." R. 2:15, 4:45, 7:15, and 9:45.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"The X-Rated Supermarket." "Gals go to the store and wind up on the floor." Should be unspeakably banal. Also "The Hard Ones." X for both, with first complete show at 3:30 and the last at 8:30.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"They Shall Overcome" with Linda Lovemore is first with "Red Liners" following. Continuous shows start at 1 p.m.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"Cooley High." Rated R with shows at 2, 4:20, 6:40, and 9.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

What mother's son and/or daughter doesn't have a warm spot in their heart for "Bambi?" With all the junk the Disney studio has turned out in the past few years, people tend to forget that it once produced some of the best and most innovative, if admittedly schmaltzy, animation ever made. And now that "Bambi" is once again available in its septennial re-release, a whole generation of children can see it for the first time. The show times are 3, 5, 6:30, and 8:30.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"Jaws." Anyone willing to stand in line for about a half an hour (the box office opens 45 minutes before each show) is obviously not going to be influenced by anything we could say about this movie, which is OK, but certainly not up to the overblown, omnipresent promotion. A few good scares and less gore than might be expected, and those ads that say "too intense" for younger children are just bull; it's definitely not too intense for any American kid now days, although this ploy gives the distributor an excuse for charging everybody $3 a ticket -- even, presumably, babes in arms. Is any film worth submitting to this kind of bilko operation? PG. 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"The Happy Hooker" has the porno style and ambience, but the producers have underplayed the sexploitation (it's only rated R) and Lynn Redgrave gives a fine, likable performance as Xaviera Hollander. The movie would really seem to be almost a position paper for the porno industry -- posing the question, What's so bad about feeling good? -- and this commonsensical if somewhat simplistic approach to prostitution and sexual relations makes for a pleasant, low key good time. With Jean Pierre Aumont and a brief appearence by Tom Poston. 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10, and 9.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"The Other Side of the Mountain" moves to the other side of the river. It's a love story about the crippling of a professional skier. PG. 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, and 9:30.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"Bug." The ads promise, with unconscious humor, "the movie you'll see with your eyes closed." We intend to call Orkin, although there's a vague chance that this infestation could be worth seeing. The title is self-explanatory. 2, 3:50, 4:40, 7:30, and 9:20.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

In "The Day of the Locust," director John Schlesinger and screenwriter Waldo Salt set out to do for Hollywood what they did for New York in "Midnight Cowboy," and while there are some individual sequences of first rate movie making, the film as a whole comes across as a manic overreaction. Part of the problem is undoubtedly that in adapting Nathaniel West's novel they have left out so much of the book's narrative and rationalizations that it's hard to see how anyone who hasn't read it is going to figure out what the hell's going on. Good work from William Atherton as Tod (in a subtly distorted interpretation), with Karen Black, Burgess Meredeth, and a low point for Donald Sutherland as the corn belt victim. R. 1, 3:40, 6:20, and 9.

MIRACLE THEATRE, Main Street, 256-1950

"French Connection II" premieres in Columbia with Gene Hackman as Popeye Doyle chasing Fernando Rey around Marseille. Rated R. 2:35, 4:55, 7:10, and 9:30.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"Tommy." This slight but likeable rock opera is obviously too slim a foundation for a man of Ken Russell's vision. Russell has called "Tommy" "the greatest work of art in the 20th century" (he may have been only partly fooling) and has set out to prove it with a pastiche of extravagant effects -- the movie is a lip-synched picturization of the album score -- that are occasionally fun but ultimately overkill. Furthermore, the high pressure promotion and $3 road show price make a mockery of this movie's anti-commercial message. Some creative casting with an excellent Ann-Margret as the mother, and Oliver Reed, Tina Turner, Jack Nicholson, Elton John, Eric Clapton, and Roger Daltry as Tommy. PG. 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, with a special midnight late show on Friday and Saturday, June 20 and 21.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"Trip With the Teacher." How bad can a movie be? Someone seems intent on finding out with this low life spectacular about a teacher and her female students who are terrorized by a gang of thugs. As Charlie Brown would put it, "Aaaaargh!" R. 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10, and 9.

RICHLAND MALL I THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Benji." Poor Benji is kicked, reviled and generally oppressed in this dog story that some children have reportedly been seriously upset by. Bring your crying towel if you're a sucker for big brown eyes. G. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

RICHLAND MALL II THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Return of the Pink Panther." A faintly anachronistic, wholly unambitious, totally delightful throwback to the mild, situation-ridden comedies of the early sixties. Peter Sellers recreates his role as Inspector Clouseau, the bumbling but self-sure French detective, who drives his chief inspector (Herbert Lom) off the deep end but always, miraculously, gets his man and the giant diamond known as the Pink Panther. Directed in a fast, black-out style by Blake Edwards with good natured appearences by Catherine Schell and Christopher Plummer. G. 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, and 9:15.

art

Gallery IV in Irmo will continue a three week exhibit of American Indian art through July 17. The artists to be presented will be Leonard Riddles (professional name, Black Moon), a Comanche Indian from Oklahoma whose works are on permanent display at the art gallery of the Department of the Interior as well as the private collections of such persons as Senator Fred Harris and Mrs. Robert Kennedy, and Sarah Ayres, a Catawba Indian from South Carolina who carries on the tradition of Catawba pottery with large and small pieces in the oldest of known South Carolina art forms. Gallery IV is located on Route 60, one mile from I-26.

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Summer movies

[Continued from page nine]

Return of the Pink Panther
at the Richland Mall I

After the pushy high pressure salesmanship of **Jaws**, what a relief to see the mild, unpretentious, eminently enjoyable **Return of the Pink Panther.** I knew I was going to like this film from the opening credit sequence -- a delightful concoction by Richard Williams with trenchcoated Clouseau chasing the ubiquitous cartoon panther -- which incidentally brought up the question: as long as Hollywood is on the subject of nostalgia, what ever happened to those good old days when movies had long credit scrolls and those under title overtures were often the cleverest part of the film?

Peter Sellers is the bull in this china shop of a movie, and I think he may be a comic genius of a rather limited sort. As Inspector Clouseau, he investigated the theft of the huge diamond, the Pink Panther, with complete confidence in his own powers and as incompetence so utter that almost every scene ends with some disaster -- the overturning of a statue, the crashing of a delivery truck into a swimming pool -- just in time for the black out. Eventually he drives his chief inspector (a delightfully twitchery Herbert Lom) so bananas that he tries to assassinate Clouseau and winds up in a padded cell. As in the other Sellers films I've seen, he gets to try out various disguises and if **The Return** and the previous Clouseau movies (**The Pink Panther, A Shot in the Dark**) don't exploit his talents quite as fully as the films with Kubrick (**Lolita, Dr. Strangelove**), nevertheless it's a wonderfully funny portrait in the humors school of comedy.

Blake Edwards has directed in a faintly anachronistic style that, like that credit sequence, gives a feeling of the early sixties. It's not a particularly subtle or sophisticated style -- relying chiefly on physical comedy -- but it's certainly serviceable so why change it? He has brought in Catherine Schell as the heroine and she is properly lovely and charming although she has virtually nothing to do except break up at Sellers' routines. Christopher Plummer has even less to do as the suave cat burglar suspect, yet he does it with a maximum of elan. There's an atmosphere of infectious good will about this movie that makes it simply a fun place to be. **Return of the Pink Panther** is hardly a revolutionary comedy, but it's probably the best new movie now playing in Columbia.

Venson Steadman

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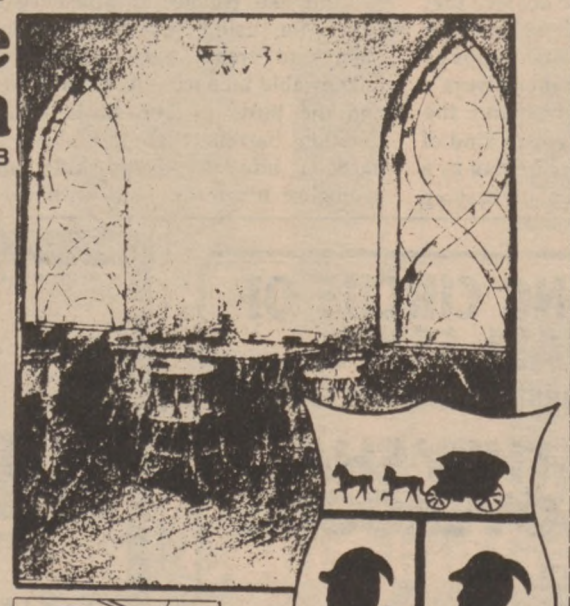

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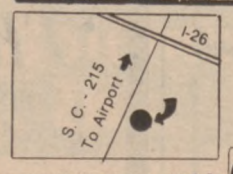

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The Columbia Museum of Art is featuring two exhibits by local artists this month. Upstairs in the North Gallery, the 8th annual South Carolina Craftsmen exhibit is being presented with work by local artisans in wood, clay, metal, and cloth. Downstairs in the East and West Galleries the Dutch Fork Art exhibition features paintings, drawings, and water colors with some work in other media. Most of the pieces in both exhibits are for sale, and will remain on display through June 29th.

music

Lynyrd Skynyrd and the Marshall Tucker Band are scheduled to perform at the Carolina Coliseum on Sunday, June 29th, at 8 p.m. Tickets are $6.50, $5.50, and $4.50. Also appearing at the Coliseum this month will be Barry White on Friday, June 27th at 8:30 p.m. Tickets are $6 and $7 and are available from the Coliseum box office and standard ticket outlets.

The Marshall Tucker Band

specials

A Carolinas Area convention of the Jehovah's Witnesses is scheduled at Carolina Coliseum on July 3 through 6, with times being 9:55 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 5:30 p.m. daily. It's billed as discussion rather than proselytism, and is open to the public without obligation. Anyone wishing more information may phone 796-7484.

clubs

THE COPPER DOOR, 2307 Rosewood Drive, 771-9387

John Bailey is slated to sing on the 27th and 28th. "Joplin" is the group for the following week. The cover will most likely be $1 per head for members.

THE JADE EAST, Carolina Inn, 937 Assembly Street, 799-8200

On June 27 and 28 "Embers" will appear at the Jade East, with a cover charge of $2 for women, $3 for men, and $5 per couple. Thelma Jones is the act for the week ending July 5.

THE SECOND LEVEL, 2011 Devine Street, 771-4794

"The Columbians," a top forty group are the entertainment on Friday and Saturday, June 27 and 28. Next week: Larry Rhodes on Monday, Buzz Peele on Tuesday, Rusty Davis on Wednesday, Jim, Lee and Connie for Thursday, and "Joanie, St. Vitus, and friends" for the weekend of the 4th and 5th. The charge is $1 on the weekend, 50 cents during the week, no membership required.

THE LEFT GUARD, 2728 Rosewood Drive, 799-2575

"Law," June 27th and 28th, "Mayson" follow through July 5th. The charge for "Law" is ~~12~~ per head for members.

THE CHOPPING BLOCK, 1021 Briargate Circle, 772-2011

"Silk and Steel" continues through the July 4th weekend. No cover.

THE NEW SOUTH MUSIC HALL AND WHISKEY PARLOR, 4614 Devine Street, 787-6505

"High Cotton" finishes up on June 28th. The usual charge for members is $2 per person Thursday through Saturday, $1 on Wednesday, and Tuesday free. The club is closed on Monday.

THE THREE CHAIRMEN, 1824 Edmund Road, Cayce, 794-1290

Ken Higgins is set to sing on Friday night, June 27. On Saturday, "Just Two" consisting of two women singers will perform. There's no cover.

OLIVER'S PUB, Devine Street, 771-6662

A group called "Bird Fish" will sing on Sunday, June 29th. No charge for members although we're told that memberships are no longer being sold. The club is open from 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. daily.

television

Saturday, June 28

2:15 p.m. - Baseball. Yankees against the Red Sox from Boston. (Channel 10)

5 p.m. - Tennis. Tape of an early round in the Wimbledon Tennis Championship. (Channel 10)

7:30 p.m. - Wanna see, where napalm comes from? Watch this week's episode of "Nova," "War From the Air," that follows the history of bombing from the beginning Vietnam. Included are scenes from Disney's 1943 animated version of Abraham D. Seversky's then revolutionary but today more reactionary book, "Victory Through Air Power" (Channel 35)

8:30 p.m. - Baseball. Channel 10 seems to have a corner on the National Sport with three games a week. Tonight: the Braves play the Astros from Houston.

Mary Tyler Moore, Ted Knight, and Edward Asner in the Mary Tyler Moore Show, Saturday at 9 p.m.

9 p.m. - Drama. Katherine Hepburn in "The Glass Menagerie." There are things to carp at in this 1973 TV staging, but any major American play with Hepburn in it is a must see...if you haven't already. With Sam Waterston as Tom, Joanna Miles as Laura, and Michael Moriarty, who has since become much more visible, as the gentleman caller. (Channel 25)

9 p.m. - Mahler's Symphony No. 1 performed by Zubin Mehta and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. (Channel 35)

10 p.m. - Moses the Lawgiver. This week Burt Lancaster appears as Moses returned to Egypt from exile. An attempted "naturalistic" version with scripts co-authored by Anthony Burgess and the supporting cast is nothing to sneer at either: Anthony Quayle, Irene Papas, and Bergman's Ingrid Thulin. (Channel 19)

10 p.m. - Hollywood Television Theatre. Shaw's "The Man of Destiny" with Samantha Eggar and Stacy Keach as Napoleon. Repeat. (Channel 35)

11 p.m. - Movie. For those who missed it last week (and you know who you are), "Gold Diggers of 1933" is being rebroadcast so by all means stay up and watch. Unarguably one of the most entertaining Hollywood movies ever made, it has Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Busby Berkely's gorgeously improbable choreography, and an unbelievably youthful Ginger Rogers singing "We're In the Money." (Channel 19)

Sunday, June 29

1 p.m. - Movie. Not content with just bringing us "Gold Diggers of 1933," Channel 19 outdo themselves with this showing of "Gold Diggers of 1937." Once again Busby Berkeley's crazy dance numbers are the chief reason for watching with the plot diversions featuring Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, and Victor Moore.

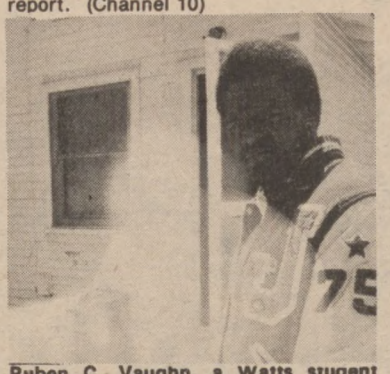
3 p.m. - Movie. By 1933's "Little Giant," Edward G. Robinson seems to have been kidding his own image with a slapstick comedy about a gangster whyo tries to make it in high society. With the delectable and ever cool Mary Astor. (Channel 19)

4 p.m. - Golf. The Western Open from Oak Brook, Illinois. (Channel 25)

4 p.m. - The History of the Motion Picture. A rare chance to see Douglas Fairbanks, the heart throb of an earlier generation, in "The Americano," the story of a mining engineer who gets involved in a South American revolution. Few actors have taken such enjoyment in adventure or have made it so enjoyable. (Channel 35)

4:30 p.m. - Tennis. The "CBS Tennis Classic" pits Alex Metreveli against Mark Cox and Rosemary Casals versus Francoise Durr. (Channel 19)

10 p.m. - Special. In "A Country Called Watts," NBC News looks at what has happened to Los Angeles' Watts neighborhood since the riots of 1965. Tom Pettit and Gail Christian report. (Channel 10)



Ruben C. Vaughn, a Watts student leader who will appear in "A Country Called Watts"

Monday, June 30

7:30 p.m. - Ilona's Palette. Painterly instruction from Ilona Royce-Smithkin. (Channel 35)

8(15 p.m. - Baseball. The Cards vs. the Phils from Phil., P.A. (Channel 10)

11:05 p.m. - Movie. With that merciless mercenary spirit not unknown to network execs, CBS dredges up Joe Namath in "The Last Rebel," a 1971 Civil War opus that Broadway Joe would probably just as soon forget. Ty Hardin and Woody Strode. (Channel 19)

Tuesday, July 1

8:30 p.m. - The Shadow Catcher. Edward S. Curtis, who photographed American Indians throughout the early 20th Century, is the subject of this documentary that also examines his work. Part of the narration is by Donald Sutherland. (Channel 35)

11:30 p.m. - Wide World Special: James Dean Remembered. Video Land leaves no headstone unturned in its efforts to make a buck. These retrospectives generally feature talkily sentimental interviews, carefully selected film clips supplied by the studio that's sponsoring, and a touch of the necrophile. Dean of course never really made it big until he totalled his Porsche Spider and became the adored object of millions. Peter Lawford -- who else? -- is the host. (Channel 25)

Thursday, July 3

8 p.m. - The Stars and Stripes Show. Flag waving for the fourth with Juliet Prowse, John Davidson, Anita Bryant, Charley Pride, and something called "The Mike Curb Congregation." We won't divulge the host, but he is known to associate with a certain ex-President with whom he shares a similar proboscis. (Channel 10)

9 p.m. - Movie. "Yankee Doodle Dandy." A timely showing of one of the most highly praised of all movie musicals, although the long story seems too confining for that dynamo known as James Cagney. It's patriotic message was of course also very timely when it was released, in 1942. Joan Leslie and Walter Huston are the co-stars. (Channel 19)

1 a.m. - Tomorrow. Here's the show you've been waiting for: will Tom Snyder keep from toppling out of his chair in this live, six-hour, all night salute to the U.S. of A? We hope not because the scheduled interviews will take place in locations ranging from Las Vegas to London and will include a variety of topics on the current state of the country, as well as a 4 a.m. reenactment of the bombardment of Fort McHenry in Baltimore. So far slated as New York studio guests are the unlikely combination of Jimmy Breslin and Werner Von Braun. (Channel 10)

Friday, July 4

8 p.m. - Movie. "Yellow Submarine." The Beatles are back in the film that ushered them into their most productive era. (Channel 19)

9:30 p.m. - Movie. David Hemmings, the photographer in "Blow Up," becomes "Alfred the Great" in this 1969 English historical epic that appeared and then disappeared. The other cast members include Michael York, Prunella Ransome, Colin Blakely, and Vivien Merchant. (Channel 19)

1 a.m. - Midnight Special. Frankie Valli and his peculiar adenoids, The Four Seasons, Freddy Fender, Orleans, and the Hollies. (Channel 10)

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soave, orvieto

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